

THE OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS

His
Picture
Book.

By
J. D. Mack,
and John Oliver Mack.

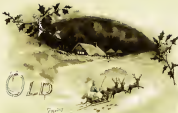
Copyright
1908, J. D. Mack,
and John Oliver Mack.
All Rights Reserved.







THE OLD FATHER OF CHRISTMAS



OLD

FATHER

CHRISTMAS

PICTURE-BOOK

By *Lizzie Mack*
and
Robert Elliot Mack

LONDON
JAMES P. POTTER,
1407 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.

MADE IN U.S.A.

OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.



*S***AYD** two little people dressed in white
"Old Father Christmas will come to-night;
But lest he forgets, or makes a mistake,
We'd better listen and be awake."

But when the summer put
out the light,
These two little people dressed
in white
Rolled themselves up in the
counterpane,
And did not dare to look out again.

So carefully did they wrap the clothes,
You couldn't see the tip of a nose.



But when the bells were ringing clear—
Old Father Christmas passed along,
"Whish," he said, brushing the snow from his nose,
"Whow! how the east wind blows and blows."

Then through the window he sped the bed,
"I have to call at this house," he said,
"The chimney's the proper way for me,
Why are they built so narrow," and he.

In at the window he went instead—
Seated himself at the foot of the bed—
Filled the stocking with sweetmeats and toys—
All without making the slightest noise.



*Now make little people dressed in white,
Old Father Christmas came last night.
He crammed your stocking—and, children, look!
He brought you a calmed palace look*



THIS is the game we like to play,
We like to play,
We like to play—

To carry the baby on Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day in the morning

We'll gather the baby with berries so gay,
With berries so gay,
With berries so gay—

Pussy of baby on Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day in the morning

We'll give the baby a ride to-day,
A ride to-day,
A ride to-day—

For Christmas only comes once in a way,
Christmas Day in the morning

We'll carry the baby on Christmas Day,
And give the baby a ride on the way ;
There isn't a pleasanter kind of a play
On Christmas Day in the morning



THEY'RE HERE



PUSSEY TO TEA

"PUSSEY" cat, pussy cat,
What are you at?
Where are your mother,
You bad little cat?"

"Mow," said the pussie,
"Please, may I stay,
To afternoon tea, mow, mow,
For once in a way?"

"Pussy cat, pussy cat,
What can I do?
There's no cup and saucer,
There's no tea for you."

"Mow," said the pussie;
"Mow, mow," said she,
"I don't need a tea-cup,
I never take tea,
Some milk in a saucer
Is better for me."





WHO ARGUED YOU



*O*ff the Clothes-basket was a gallant boat,
And a very merry crew were we ;
We took the cat and our father's coat,
With a " Foo-hoo-dee ! " we went afloat
On the Brussels-croquet Sea

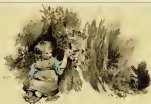
Now, I was the captain, and Jill the mate,
And Jack was the cabin-boy ,
I sat in the Stern, and I steered her straight,
We hoove ahead at a splendid rate,
Till the cat moved " *Slosh away !* "

We looked out over the good ship's side,
And what do you think we found ?
'Twas a small, small wreck on the flowing tide,
We couldn't save her, although we tried,
But we watched her run aground.

So we sailed away for Seaboard Bay,
And went to the native's shops ,
And we stored our hold with better-stotch,
With biscuits and candy-drops-



THE GOOD SHIP, TOTHER & BACK



We landed at Sandgate Soft Head,
On the north of Timbuctoo;
The sharks were something dreadful there,
And the monkeys red and blue.
There were bees and ants, and shrimps and scabs,
And a growley-worakey, too!
You'd never believe what a trip we had,
Or the ponds we went through.

But on we went, till the cakes were spent,
And the butter-scotch was gone,
And Pussy-cat cried, and jumped over the side,
And left us there alone.
Then the cabin-boy cried, "Land shoy!"
And merrily out slipped we,
For our gallant bark brought us back by dark,
Exactly in time for tea!

H. J. W.



THE WIFE

Your boot-lace is tied too tight
It's apt to chafe against your knee;
And then, it cuts my eye.
It's hard to make it all right.

See, my dear,
Be kinder than
What I am—
Harder to do.

THE WIFE

I W a poem in which
And plain Enquire,
To be a Knight
In my strong desire.





ALFRED THOUGHTS



HAPPY

THOUGHTS

"*W* *HAPPY* are you thinking of, my little maid,
My little maid,
My little maid?"
"I'm thinking how happy I am," she said.

"And what is your happiness, my little maid,
My little maid,
My little maid?"
"Oh! flowers, and summer, and sunshine," she said.

"And what will you do when the flowers are dead,
The flowers are dead,
The flowers are dead?"
"I'll try to be happy without them," she said.



PEEK AT THE WELL



LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE LONG EARS

(OLD FOLK SONG)

*B*ARBAR^A BELL
Was sent to the well,
To fetch me a picher of water,
She stayed there at play
The while of the day—
She was not a good little daughter.

Barbara Bell
Thought no one would tell,
For no one could possibly see,
But pichers have ears,
And they told them, my dear—
'Twas the picher who told it to me



AT A PARTY.

LITTLE Miss Dorothy Dimple,
So neat, and so sweet, and so ample,
I'm almost afraid
I shall frighten the maid
If I speak to Miss Dorothy Dimple—

I think I might venture on a
Remark, that it is a fine day;
But if she is shy,
And doesn't reply,
I cannot think what I shall say





THE FIRST PARTY



HEPHERTSESS.

LITTLE Louise,
You're a terrible pease,
I'm board to say,
In a general way,
You tear your frocks
And soil your socks
Quite twice a day,
You chatterbox.
What! hand on my knee? "
A ha, mamma, please
Little Louise,
You're a terrible tease,
But you are my heartsome,
Little Louise

A T&A R,
My dear
Sam
Again.

Dry your eye,
And don't cry.
Don't go to sleep,
Look for your sheep.

You'll find 'em,
Tails behind 'em,
Full of dots,
Every one.
There they go,
Told you so





AMONG THE FLOWERS



Is! little butterfly, why do you go,
Just when I want you to stay
with me so?"

"It's not very likely!" the butterfly said;
"Who'll put my butterfly-babies to bed?"

In June the lanes and fields are sweet,
In June the hours pass swift and fleet;
So, children, children, haste to play,
And pluck the flowers while you may.

For flowers come and flowers go,
And poppies fade and roses blow;
So, children, children, haste away,
And pick your posies while you may.



L.M.



SHIP ahoy!
Ship ahoy!

"What is the name
Of your ship, my boy?"

"Her name," said he,
"Is the Annabelle Lee,
The sweetest craft
Upon the sea;
And I am the skipper
As you can see."

Ship ahoy!
Ship ahoy!

"Your pardon, skipper,
Says I to the boys,

"And Polly 's the mate
Of the Annabelle Lee,
And also the cook,
And the crew," said he.
"We're taking the duffers
A trip to sea,
They're fond of the water,
As you can see."





DOLLIE'S TRIP TO SEA

*L*ITTLE lamb, why didst thou
Leave thy mother's side?
In the shelter of thy fold
Thou hadst best abide,
For the fields are deep with snow,
And the moor is wide.



We will give thee of our food
Bread and milk to spare,
And our friends shelter
Thou, poor lamb, shalt share,
Till the shepherd brings thee
To thy mother's care.



— J. M. W. Turner 1840

By Alice WALTON, JUNIOR,

IT was a little fisherman,
And he did take his way
Down to the rippling river side
One lovely summer's-day.

He took with him a fishing rod,
He took with him a can,
He took with him his little dog,
And this young fisherman.

It was a tired fisherman,
Returning home at night;
His heart was very heavy,
But his can was very light.





Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!
What a nice little girl is here!
She's richer than money,
And sweeter than honey,
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!
What a sweet little doll is here!
She's daintily dressed
In her very best,
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!

*T*HIS is Doll's cape, dear,
All lined with silver tape, dear,
It's lined with fur,
And just suits her,
The very latest shape, dear.





PICK UP THE BOX



POOR JACK.

"CAN you tell me, little Jack,
What's the matter with your back?
Do you think that it requires
New shoes?"

"You don't jump as once you did,
Quickly when we left the bed,
Have you given yourself a whack,
Dear Jack?"

"Yes, I know too well," said Jack,
"What's the matter with my back;
I am, if the truth be told,
Getting old!"

STARLIGHT.

WHENCE comes each tiny little spark
That twinkles brightly in the dark?

*The stars are lights upon the road
That lead, my child, to God's abode.*



THE INSPIRATION



"*B*IRDLIE, Birdie, will you pet?
Summer-time is far away yet,
You'll have taken quilts and a velvet bed,
And a pillow of rain for your head!"

"I'd rather sleep in the dry wall;
No rain comes through, tho' I hear it fall;
The sun peeps gay at dawn of day,
And I sing, and wing away, away!"

"O Birdie, Birdie, will you pet?
Diamond-stones and amber and jet
We'll string for a necklace fur and lace
To please the pretty bird of rain!"

"O thanks for diamonds, and thanks for jet,
But here is something dainter yet,—
A feather-necklace round and round,
That I wouldn't sell for a thousand pound!"



UNDER THE ROSES

"O Birds, Birds, won't you pet?
We'll buy you a dish of silver fret,
A golden cup and an ivory nest,
And carpets soft beneath your feet!"

"Can running water be drunk from gold?
Can a silver dish the forest hold?
A rocking twig is the finest chair,
And the softest pillow lies through the air,—
Good-bye, good-bye to my lady fair!"

William A. Douglas



Robert Allen

I MET a little Dolly
Her name is Rose Ann,
I take the greatest pains with her
To teach her all I can.

She's learning how to read and write,
She's learning how to walk;
I wish that it were possible
To teach her how to talk.



MASTER BUCKY



THIS

WEST little Beaver alone,
Now isn't he really a hero
He's young, my dear,
He'll always be here,
I know he can't possibly move

These children, dear, I'll engage
There's no need to find them a cage
You need have no fear,
They'll always be here,
Whenever you come to this page

AS I was walking along,
A singer was singing a song,
— As I was walking merrily,
A child was crying at play;
As I was lying in bed,
The rhyme came into my head.

Mew, meow, meow!
I'm ready for breakfast now;
I want to be fed
On milk and bread,
Mew, meow, meow!





A LITTLE PRAYER

GOD make my life a little light,
Waken the world to glow :
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in rather lowly,
Altho' the place be small.

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

Monks B. Ed. 18



WOMAN'S PRIDE

*G*OOD bye, sweet one,
May all true happiness attend,
And make your life
One bright sweet picture to the end.



Printed by Ernest Newton of Nuremberg

Copyright by Ernest Newton

